A Poet's Pastime.

It was not only as a boy that Wordsworth,

Shod with steel, hissed along the polished ice.

He was a skater of skill in his manhood. "A girt skater; noan better in these parts," was the testimony of a Dales man, quoted by Canon Rawnsley in his "Lake Country Sketches."

On one occasion the poet went by himself to figure a bit upon the White Moss tarn, and a man sent a boy to sweep the snow from the ice for him. When the boy returned from his labor, the man asked:

"Well, did Mr. Wudsworth gie ye owt?"

"Nay," rejoined the boy, with a grin of content from ear to ear. "I seed him tummle tho'."

But the lad, who had thought the tumble a fair equivalent for a tip, had been much impressed by the quiet way in which Wordsworth had borne his fall. His skate had caught in a stone when he was in full swing, and he came down with a crash.

"He didn't swear nor say nowt," said the boy, "but he just sot up an' said, 'Eh, boy, that was a bad fall, wasn't it?'"

An Impudent Indorsement.

During one of his busy reception hours, when President Lincoln was talking first to one, then to another, of the many who filled the room in the White House, a gentleman asked if any news had been received from John Morgan, whose Confederate cavalry were raiding Kentucky and Ohio.

"We'll catch John some of these days," replied Lincoln. "I admire him, for he is a bold operator. He always goes after the mail trains in order to get information from Washington. On his last raid he opened some mail bags and took possession of the official correspondence.

"One letter was from the war department to a lieutenant in Grant's army. It contained a captain's commission for him. Right under the signature of A. Lincoln the audacious Morgan wrote, 'Approved, John Morgan,' and sent the commission on its way. So there is one officer in our army whose commission bears my signature with the approval of that daredevil rebel raider."

Lordly Disraeli.

Disraeli once told a lady that two possessions which were indispensable to other people he had always done without. "I made," she said, "every kind of conjecture, but without success, and on my asking him to enlighten me he solemnly answered that they were a watch and an umbrella. 'But how do you manage,' I asked, 'if there happens to be no clock in the room and you want to know the time?' 'I ring for a servant,' was the magniloquent reply. 'Well,' I continued, 'and what about the umbrella? What do you do, for instance, if you are in the park and are caught in a sudden shower?' 'I take refuge,' he replied with a smile of excessive gallantry, 'under the umbrella of the first pretty woman I meet.'"

Two Standards.

One of the strangest illustrations of the ups and downs of fortune comes from Paris.

A rich Parisian banker became reduced through unlucky investments to the sum of 10,000 francs. That amount was poverty to him, and, overwhelmed by his loss and the hopelessness of the situation, he committed suicide.

The 10,000 francs then fell to his brother, who had been for years a pauper, estranged from his family. But to him such a sum represented incredible riches, and his reason was overthrown. In a moment of delirium he jumped into the Seine and was drowned.

Where He Was Going.

"There was a Scot," said an Englishman, "who owned a fine orchard surrounded by a hedge. One day as he entered this orchard he saw a neighbor of his creeping on hands and knees through the hedge so as to steal some fruit.

"'Sawney, hoot, boot, mon!' exclaimed the Scot reproachfully, 'whaur are ye gangin'?'

"The discreet Sawney answered:

"'Bock agen.'"

Jim Lane's Advice to Recruits.

During the civil war a lot of young fellows at Oskaloosa wanted to enlist in the cavalry. Jim Lane told them they would make a mistake if they joined a "hoss" regiment. "I tell you, boys," he said, "it will cost you a hoss apiece to join the cavalry. As infantrymen you will be ordered to Missouri, and you can ride one horse and lead another when you come back."—Atchison Globe.

Discreet.

Mrs. Dove—Henry, I think you are positively cruel! Here I've tried so hard to cook you a nice dinner, and you haven't had a word to say to me about it.

Mr. Dove—Darling, I love you too much for that. If I'd said what I thought, you'd never speak to me again.—Boston Transcript.

His Boy's Vocation.

Hiram—That oldest boy of Zeke's is through school, and now Zeke is goin' to hev him learn farmin'.

David—Guess not. The boy told me he was goin' to be a druggist.

Hiram—Well, he ain't. Zeke said this mornin' he was goin' to hev him take a course in farmercy.—Kansas City Journal.

Supreme Ability.

Friend—Your new heavy villain seems adapted to the role.

Theatrical Manager—Yes. He can pronounce the word "revenge" with fourteen "r's" and look it with thirty.—Judge.

Walt Whitman as a Journalist.

Walt Whitman was not much of a journalist. He had too much repose. His employers called it laziness. He was concerned with permanences. The nearer to nature, the more repose. Trees and hills do not dance except for urging. Whitman, elemental, strong, placid, bovine, did not urge them.

In the Brooklyn Eagle office Whitman is a clearer memory than in the office of its contemporary. Yet it is oddly hard to secure facts. There is a general and joking reference to his serenity as idleness. He was not a typical newspaper man, for he was not to be pressed or hurried, and in our day of precision and speed he would have been impossible. He never felt that stress from which the veriest bohemian suffers. He did not want money enough to work hard for it. One of the coterie of writers and actors which used to squander its much wit and little wealth at Pfaff's tells me that of the whole party Whitman was the only one who was never tipsy and never "broke." He always had a market somewhere for fugitive writings. Editors were friendly to him. He drank his beer with the rest, but its effect was to make him thoughtful, even sad, while the others were merry. According to that narrator, he was an easy borrower, though it does not appear that he asked for large amounts or made needless delays in his repayments.—Charles M. Skinner in Atlantic.

How He Won Her.

"Then you will be a sister to me?"

"That is all I can be."

He paused and looked at her thoughtfully.

"I already have seven sisters," he said, "and I am not quite sure I can make room for you. They are very kind to me, and on several occasions my socks have been darned a half dozen times in the same spot. They are so thoughtful too. Each of them has picked out a wife for me; but, strange to say, not one of them mentioned you. Of course you won't feel hurt if I add that there is a general and deep rooted impression among them that you are not half good enough for me. Sisters are like that sometimes, you know."

The girl flushed hotly.

"Not good enough!" she cried. "I'll show them. Consider my refusal withdrawn."

And so she married the foxy fellow out of spite and made him very happy.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Estimate of Froude.

Hannis Taylor, in his argument before the Alaskan boundary commission, told a story of Edward A. Freeman, the English historian, whom he knew well. On one occasion, when dining with him at a hotel in St. Louis, Mr. Taylor innocently asked him, "Mr. Freeman, what is your estimate of Froude as a historian?" Said Mr. Taylor: "He looked at me in a strange kind of way, and then he replied: 'I will tell you what I think about Froude. If ever you read anything he writes read it with care. Read it over and over again and fix it in your mind so that you will never forget it, for then you will know one thing for certain, and that is that by no possibility did it ever happen in that way.'"

The Red Lobster.

The question is often asked, says the Lancet, without a satisfactory answer being supplied, Why do lobsters and certain shrimps and prawns turn red on boiling? One reason may be that the black pigment of the lobster is an iron compound in the lower state of oxidation, which boiling oxidizes to the higher state. Red human hair is said to owe its brilliance to iron existing in the higher oxidized state, and by means of reducing agents, such as pyrogallic acid or nutgall, the color may be modified. In short, oxygen is a great painter and probably accounts for the beautiful autumnal tints of plant life.

Willing to Help Him.

Clerk—I am to be married shortly. Couldn't you manage to increase my salary a little?

Employer—Couldn't, really. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my boy. I'll shorten your hours during the first three months, so that you can spend your evenings at home, and after that I'll lengthen them again so that you will have an excuse to get away.

Papa's Heathen.

Mamma—Georgie, where is the 5 cents I gave you to put in the contribution box for the heathen?

Georgie—I'm saving it for Aunt Hetty when she comes.

"Why?"

Georgie—'Cause I heard papa say, "Is the old heathen coming here again?"

Circus Business.

Mamma—Oh, see, Willie! Your little brother can stand all alone. Aren't you glad?

Willie (aged six)—Sure. Now I can get him to hold an apple on his head while I shoot it off with my bow and arrow, can't I?

Immunity.

"You want to marry my daughter, do you? Well, I'm free to say you're the most impudent upstart that ever"—

"Yes, you're free to say it because you're her dad. If you wasn't I'd knock you old head off'n you!"—Chicago Tribune.

In the Honeymoon.

Adoring Bride—Jack, darling, is this Wednesday or Thursday?

Doting Groom—I think it's Friday dearest.

"Of this week?"—Life.

Base envy withers at another's joy and hates the excellence it cannot reach.—Thomson.

Pies are popular when they are made of

ATMORE'S MINCE MEAT

The family vote proclaims it the best dessert for any dinner. One package makes two large pies.

Atmore's Mince Meat is one of the purest food products on the market. Made from an old-fashioned receipt. Every ingredient the purest and best—whole, seedless raisins and currants. Get a package to-day. 10c at all grocers

Try Atmore's Genuine English Plum Pudding.

ATMORE & SON, 110 TASKER STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ERNEST A. MORSH,

PLUMBER

Jobbing Promptly Attended to.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.....

Office at Philip Disent's Bicycle Store.

Phone 27-B. Bloomfield Ave., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

The Druggist Lost in Ibsen.

Some one in Scandinavia unearthed the report of the examiners on Dr. Ibsen's papers at his examination for the degree of bachelor. It runs as follows: Norwegian, good; Latin prose, good; Latin essay, fairly good; Latin conversation, moderate; Greek, bad; arithmetic, bad; German, very good; French, good; religious knowledge, good; history and geography, good; Hebrew, good; geometry, good. General remarks: A young man not to be despised.

In spite of many "goods," however, Ibsen was plowed owing to his deficiencies in Greek and arithmetic. He aspired in those days to be a pharmaceutical chemist and, failing to satisfy the examiners, had to seek some other opening in life.

The Primitive Clock.

A naturalist, while visiting Great Sangir, one of those islands of the Indian ocean known as the Celebes or Spice islands, found a curious time recorder lodged at the house of a rajah. Two bottles were firmly lashed together and fixed in a wooden frame. A quantity of black sand ran from one bottle into the other in just half an hour, and when the upper bottle was empty the frame was reversed. Twelve short sticks, marked with notches from one to twelve, were hung upon a string. A hook was placed between the stick bearing the number of notches corresponding to the hour last struck and the one to be struck next. The sentry announced the time by striking the hours on a large gong.

Rebuked.

Hoffmann, the German physicist, arrived in Glasgow late one Saturday night and on Sunday morning went to call on Lord Kelvin.

The doorbell was answered by a woman servant, whom Hoffmann asked if Sir William was at home.

The servant answered, "Sir, he most certainly is not."

Hoffmann then asked, "Could you tell me where I could find him?"

"Sir," she answered, "you will find him at church, where you ought to be!"

Vain Man.

Mr. Hayseed—There ain't nothin' thet St Peters loves more'n newspaper notoriety.

Mrs. Hayseed—What's he bin a-doin' now?

Mr. Hayseed—Paintin' his barn ag'in, an' there ain't no occasion fur it 'cept tew git his name in the paper.—Philadelphia Press.

Her Voice.

Alice (an amateur vocalist)—If you had my voice what would you do with it?

Jessie—I don't know, dear. I believe I would give it a bol[illegible] man came round; then I wo[illegible] have it tuned.

A Pointed Hint.

Dissatisfied Guest—Waiter, you don't seem to know how to broil a steak at this eating house. Let me give you a pointer.

Waiter (with some alacrity)—All right, suh, only we usually calls 'em tips.

What He Wanted to Know.

He—But—er—your mother—

She—I am sorry to tell you, Launcelot, that she detests you.

He—That's all right. But has she gone so far as to threaten to be my mother-in-law?—Harper's Bazar.

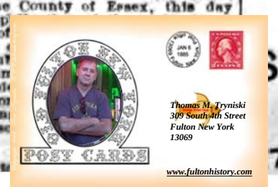
Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the same dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love; make haste to be kind!—Amiel.

December 2, 1903.

ESTATE OF JOHN CARROLL, DECEASED.

Pursuant to the order of JOSEPH W. ELLOS, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the ap[illegible] administrators of [illegible] by given to the [illegible] exhibit to the sub[illegible] ation their claim[illegible] estate of said de[illegible] from this date, or [illegible] from prosecuting [illegible] against the subsc[illegible]

Present Claims to [illegible]



ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

JARVIE MEMORIAL

LIBRARY,

Cor. Fremont Street & Austin Place

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Open daily, except Sundays and holidays, from 2 to 6, and from 7 to 9.30 P. M.

Subscription to Circulating Department, $1.00 a year.

Reading Room Free to All.

(Chancery A—234.)

SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery of New Jersey. Between Sarah Rosenthal, complainant, and Joseph Reinheimer et ux. et al., defendants. Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House in Newark, on Tuesday, the twenty-second day of December, next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey.

Beginning on the northerly line of Fremont street at a point distant one hundred and twenty-eight feet westerly from the westerly line of Oakland avenue; and running thence along said Fremont street north eighty-nine degrees fifteen minutes west fifty-eight feet; thence north ten degrees twenty-nine minutes east one hundred and seventy-five feet and forty-two hundredths of a foot; thence south seventy-eight degrees seventeen minutes east fifth-eight feet; and thence south ten degrees forty-six minutes west one hundred and sixty-four feet and thirty-five hundredths of a foot to said Fremont street and place of beginning.

November 16, 1903.

WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff.

Henry Ewald, Sol'r. ($9.60)

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF NEWARK, N. J.

FREDERICK FRELINGHUYSEN, PRESIDENT.

ASSETS (Market Values) Jan. 1, 1903..... $82,883,726 16

LIABILITIES..... 76,178,960 43

SURPLUS..... 6,654,765 73

Mutual Benefit Policies

CONTAIN

Special and Peculiar Advantages

Which are not combined in the policies of any other Company.

Stephen S. Day,

District Agent

76 Broad St., Newark.

GEORGE HUMMEL,

Successor to Martin Hummel & Son,

Dealer in the Very Best Grades of

LEHIGH COAL!

—AND—

Well Seasoned WOOD, Sawed or Split.

YARD AND OFFICE:

361 BROAD ST., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

STOVES, RANGES, FURNACES.

New Stock, Latest Designs, and Improved Patterns.

WERNER & COGAN,

First-Class PLUMBERS AND STEAM FITTERS,

577 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

ESSEX HOTEL BLOCK.

REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY. ELECTRIC BELL WORK.

E. B. BUDD,

Boarding and Livery Stables,

33 & 35 WASHINGTON AVENUE.

Coach and Coupe Service on Call

AT ANY HOUR OF THE DAY OR NIGHT.

Rubber Tire Carriages for Pleasure Driving.

Stage Work Done at Reasonable Rates.

Office: 33-35 Washington Avenue.

Telephone L. D. No. 3 V. S o.19-a

HORACE S. OSBORNE, Pres., Newark, N. J.

ARTHUR S. MARSELLIS, Sec'y and Treas., Montclair, N. J.

The Osborne & Marsellis Co.,

(INCORPORATED)

Quarrymen and Road Builders.

Broken and Building Stone,
Lumber and Masons' Materials.

BEST QUALITY LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA AND CANNEL COAL. KINDLING WOOD.

M. & B. and Long Distance Telephones.

Quarries: Coal Yard and Main Offices, Upper Montclair, N.

John Rassbach & Son.

FLORISTS

Flowering Plants of All Kinds.—Call and See Us.

324 Glenwood Avenue, Centre. 318 Maolis Avenue, Glen Ridge.

PHONES 32-B, 19-F.

HOLIDAY SPECIALS.

Nuts, fresh and good—Jordan Shelled Almonds, P. S. Almonds, Grenoble Walnuts, Pecan, Filberts, Brazil, Black Walnuts.

Plum Pudding R. & R.; Table Raisins, 1 lb. carton 20c; Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Dates, Figs, Layer and in baskets.

Roquefort, Imported Swiss, Brie, Canadian and Philadelphia Cream, McLareus Peanut Butter.

Buy where you are sure of getting the BEST and always FRESH.

C. Joy Hams, none as good, and don't forget the Tooth Picks. Fancy Stuffed Olives 10c. Very large Oregon Prunes.

R. T. CADMUS,

695 Bloomfield Avenue

'PHONE L. D., 68b; Local, 68.

Odorless Excavating

Licensed by Board of Health. Odorless Excavating orders promptly tended to at reasonable rates. Apply to or address RICHARD MAXWELL, No. 25 Clinton Street, Bloomfield.—Adv.

BLOOMFIELD

News Depot.

EARLY DELIVERY.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

A Full Line of the Best Brands of

Imported and Domestic

CIGARS,

from Acker, Merrall & Condit, D. Osborne & Co., Wilkinson, Gaddis & Co.

GARLOCK & MISHELL

Newsdealers,

276 Glenwood Avenue